

For what's more miserable then Discontent? *Exeunt*
 Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
 The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie;
 And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
 That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
 Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life?
 Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
 Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:
 And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
 Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
 Euen so my selfe be wayles good *Glosters* case,
 With sad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimm'd eyes;
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
 So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
 His fortunes I will weepe, and twixt each groane,
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit*

Queene. Free Lords:
 Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
 Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,
 With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
 That for the beautie thinks it excellent:
 Beleue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.
Card. That he should dye, is worthie policie;
 But yet we want a Colour for his death:

Suff. But in my minde, that were no policie:
 The King will labour still to saue his Life;
 The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;
 And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.
Suff. Ah *York*, no man aliue, so faine as I
York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death;
 But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
 Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
 Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,
 To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kite,
 As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.
Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
 To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold,
 Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,
 Because his purpose is not executed;
 No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
 By nature prou'd an Enemy to the Flock;
 Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,
 As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege,
 And doe not stand on Quillies how to slay him:
 Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subletie,
 Sleeping, or Waking 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
 Which mates him first; that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke:
Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
 For things are often spoke, and seldome done;
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.
Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke;
 Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And Ile prouide his Executioner,
 I tender to the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queene. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come againe,
 To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
 And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.
 Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
 Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
 For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe,
 What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?
York. That *Somer* be sent as Regent thither:
 'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,
 Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *York*, with all his farre-set pollicie,
 Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,
 He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done,
 I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
 Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
 By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
 Mens flesh prefer'd to whole, doe seldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will prone a raging fire,
 If Wind and Euell be brought, to feed it with:
 No more, good *York*; sweet *Somer* be still.
 Thy fortune, *York*, hadst thou bene Regent there,
 Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.

York. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
 take all.

Somer. And in the number, thee, that wishest
 shame.

Card. My Lord of *York*, trie what your fortune is:
 Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
 To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
 Collected choicely, from each Countie some,
 And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent;
 And what we doe establish, he confirms:
 Then, Noble *York*, take thou this Taske in hand,
 Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd.
 But now retorne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him.
 That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
 And so breake off the day is almost spent,
 Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent.

York. My

York. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
 At Bristol I expect my Souldiers,
 For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.

Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of *York*. *Exeunt*

Manet York.

York. Now *York*, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts,
 And change misdoubt to resolution;
 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
 Refigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying:
 Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
 And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.

Faster the Spring-time shewes, comes thoght on thoght,
 And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
 My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,
 Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.

Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickely done,
 To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
 I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,
 Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
 I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
 You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
 I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,

Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:
 And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
 Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
 Like to the glorious Sunnes transparent Beames,

Doe caloue the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
 And for a minister of my intent,
 I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,

To make Commotion, as full well he can,
 Vnder the Title of *John Mortimer*.
 In Ireland haue I seene this *Hubborne Cade*
 Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,

And fought so long, till that his thighs with Darts
 Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
 And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
 Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,

Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
 Hath he conuerfed with the Enemy,
 And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,

And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
 This Deuill here shall be my substitute;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
 In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.

By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
 How they affect the House and Clayme of *York*.
 Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
 I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,

Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
 Say that he thrise, as 'tis great like he will,
 Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.

For *Humfrey*, being dead, as he shall be,
 And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit*

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
Murder of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
 We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded;
 2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?
 Didst euer heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. No

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Suff. Wh

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